MARVEL
6
30 YEARS
V · ANTÔNIO · ARCINIEGA
CARNAGE

YEARS AGO, THE **VENOM SYMBIOTE** SPAWNED, AND ITS OFFSPRING BONDED TO SERIAL KILLER **CLETUS KASADY**. IMBUED WITH INCREDIBLE STRENGTH, SPEED, ENDURANCE AND POWERS SIMILAR TO THOSE OF THE **AMAZING SPIDER-MAN**, KASADY AND HIS EXTRATERRESTRIAL "OTHER" SHARE A UNIQUE BOND AND HAVE LONG TERRORIZED THE MARVEL UNIVERSE AS...

CARNAGE

CARNAGE IS LOOSE. REJECTED BY ITS FORMER HOST **CLETUS KASADY**, THE CARNAGE SYMBIOTE IS ON ITS OWN, BUT IT HAS FOUND A DISCIPLE IN SERIAL KILLER **KENNETH NEELY**.

AFTER ATTACKING AND STEALING THE POWERS OF SUPER-POWERED INDIVIDUALS, CARNAGE TRAVELED TO **SVARTALFHEIM** AND POSSESSED ONE OF THE MYTHICAL **HELHOUNDS** SACRED TO THE DARK ELVES. NOW CARNAGE HAS ALL IT NEEDS TO TAKE DOWN ITS NEXT VICTIM: **MALEKITH**.

BUT **DETECTIVE JONATHAN SHAYDE** IS HOT ON CARNAGE'S TRAIL. AFTER AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE SYMBIOTE, HE'S BEEN HEARING CLETUS KASADY'S VOICE IN HIS HEAD. THANKS TO CLETUS, SHAYDE KNOWS THAT THE ONLY WAY TO STOP CARNAGE IS TO GET TO MALEKITH **FIRST**...

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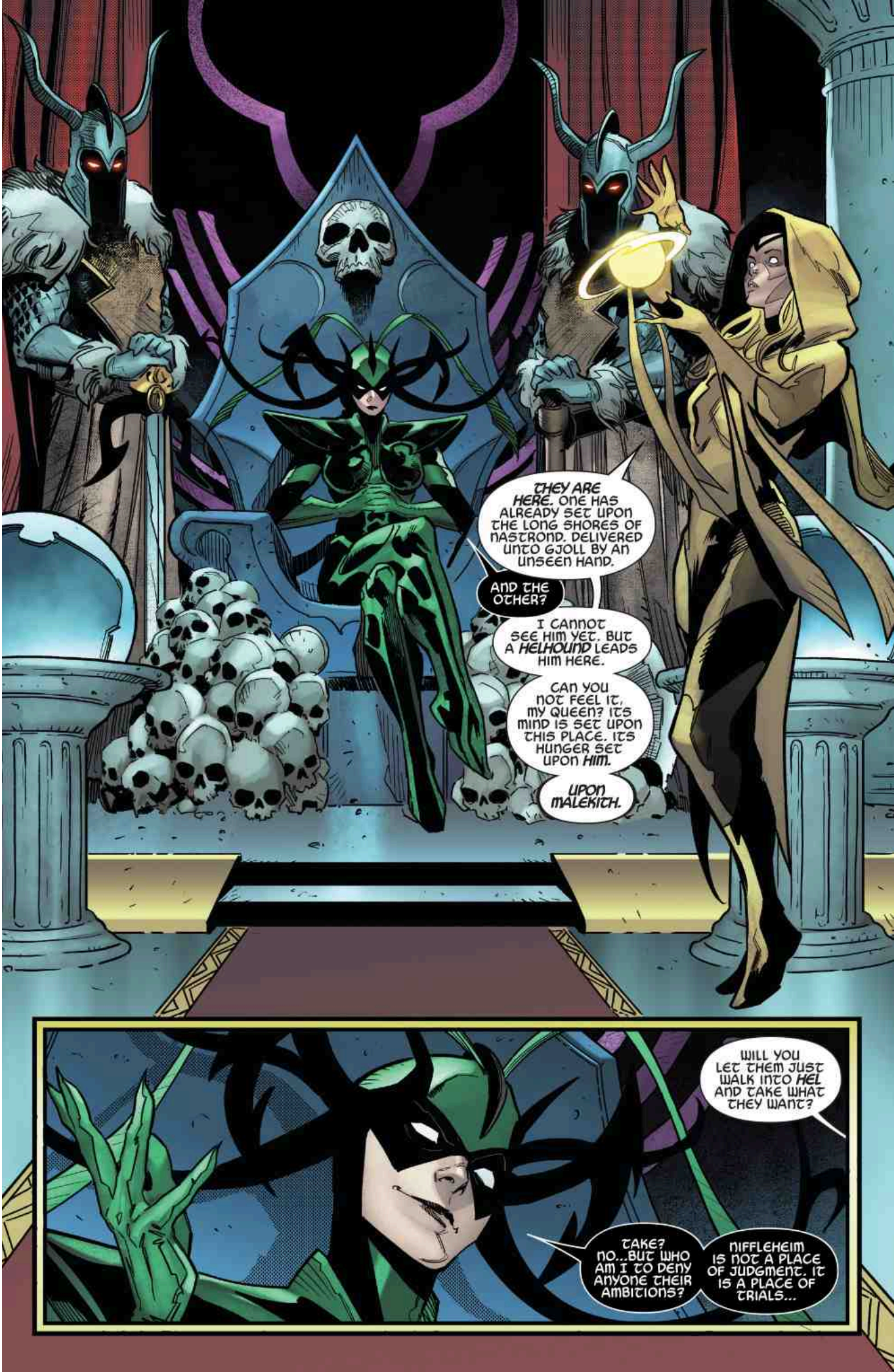
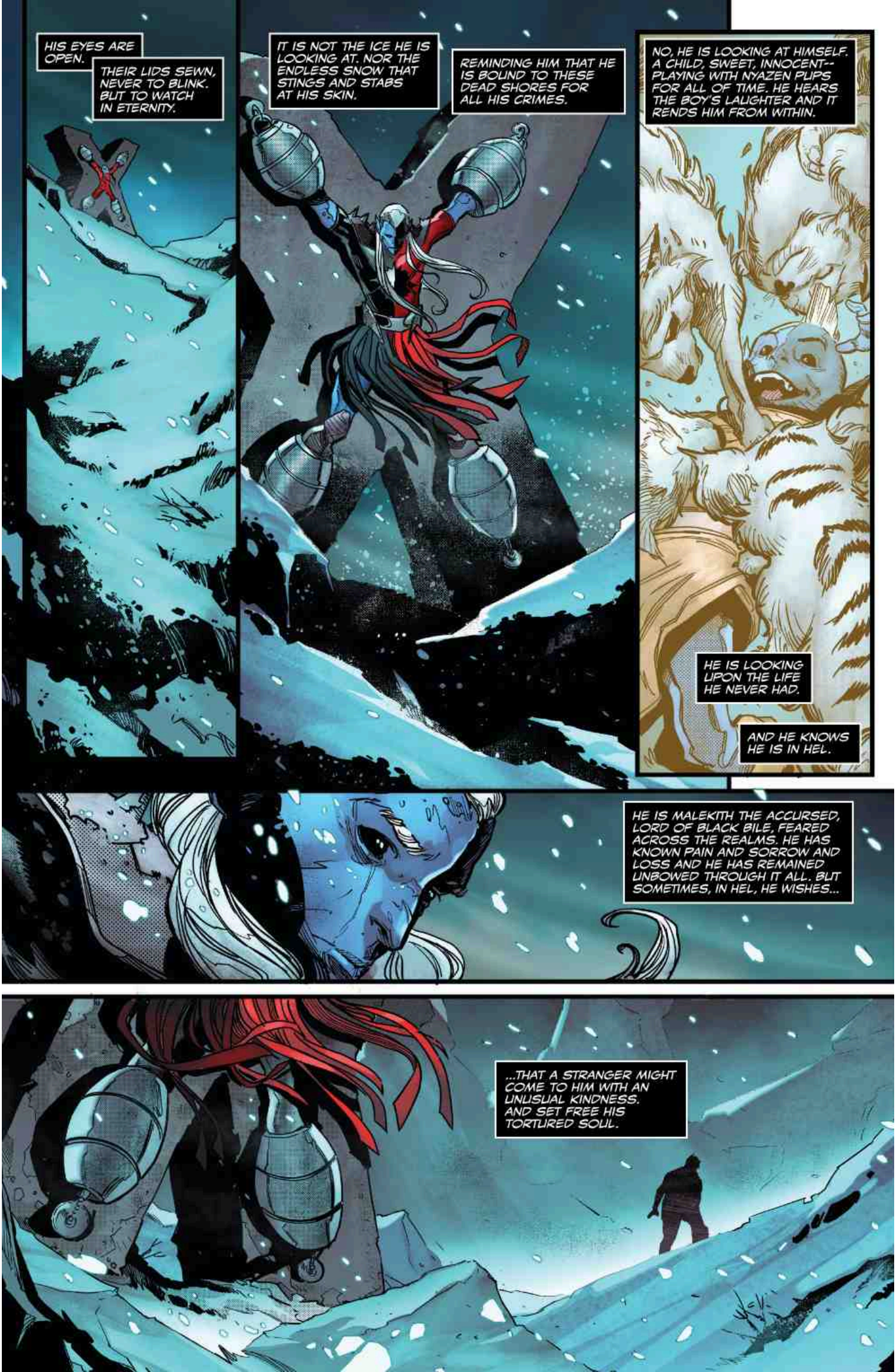

THEY ARE HERE. ONE HAS ALREADY SET UPON THE LONG SHORES OF NASTROND. DELIVERED UNTO GJOLL BY AN UNSEEN HAND.
AND THE OTHER?
I CANNOT SEE HIM YET. BUT A HELHOUND LEADS HIM HERE.
CAN YOU NOT FEEL IT, MY QUEEN? ITS MIND IS SET UPON THIS PLACE. ITS HUNGER SET UPON HIM.
UPON MALEKITH.
WILL YOU LET THEM JUST WALK INTO HEL AND TAKE WHAT THEY WANT?
TAKE? NO...BUT WHO AM I TO DENY ANYONE THEIR AMBITIONS?
NIFFLEHEIM IS NOT A PLACE OF JUDGMENT. IT IS A PLACE OF TRIALS...

"...AND THEY SHALL BE TRIED."
OKAY... NO ONE SAID ANYTHING ABOUT GIANT SNAKES!
GLR
NASTROND. NIFFLEHEIM.
YOU'RE EMBARRASSING ME, JON. YOU KNOW THAT?

HURK
I KEEP HAVING TO REMIND YOU THAT THE SYMBIOTE MATERIAL CARNAGE LEFT WITHIN YOUR BODY HAS GIVEN YOU SO MUCH MORE THAN YOU THINK!
THOOP
SPLLEERRR
RRRIIPPP
YEAH... YOU'RE A REAL #@&#%$#&$ GIFT, CLETUS!
SPEAKING OF CARNAGE...

"...HOW MUCH OF A HEAD START DO YOU THINK WE STILL HAVE?"
THE FROZEN RIVER ELIVAGAR.
OH... OH NO.
CARNAGE
IN HELL
PART ONE
GRRARRR...
WE'RE GOING TO DIE!
NOW, NOW, KENNETH... ARE YOU REALLY THAT SURPRISED AFTER EVERYTHING WE'VE DONE...
...THAT THEY'VE BEEN EXPECTING US IN HEL?


HIS EYES ARE OPEN.
THEIR LIDS SEWN, NEVER TO BLINK. BUT TO WATCH IN ETERNITY.
IT IS NOT THE ICE HE IS LOOKING AT. NOR THE ENDLESS SNOW THAT STINGS AND STABS AT HIS SKIN.
REMINDING HIM THAT HE IS BOUND TO THESE DEAD SHORES FOR ALL HIS CRIMES.
NO, HE IS LOOKING AT HIMSELF. A CHILD, SWEET, INNOCENT-- PLAYING WITH NYAZEN PUPS FOR ALL OF TIME. HE HEARS THE BOY'S LAUGHTER AND IT RENDS HIM FROM WITHIN.
HE IS LOOKING UPON THE LIFE HE NEVER HAD.
AND HE KNOWS HE IS IN HEL.
HE IS MALEKITH THE ACCURSED, LORD OF BLACK BILE, FEARED ACROSS THE REALMS. HE HAS KNOWN PAIN AND SORROW AND LOSS AND HE HAS REMAINED UNBOWED THROUGH IT ALL. BUT SOMETIMES, IN HEL, HE WISHES...
...THAT A STRANGER MIGHT COME TO HIM WITH AN UNUSUAL KINDNESS, AND SET FREE HIS TORTURED SOUL.

WHAT DID HE DO TO END UP HERE?
WHO KNOWS?

MAYBE HE DESTROYED WHOLE WORLDS. MURDERED INNOCENTS! THREW BABIES INTO THE FIRE! DEFIED THE GODS. NEVER LISTENED TO HIS MOTHER.

MAYBE HE DARED TO REACH BEYOND HIMSELF.

DOES IT MATTER?
HE IS A MEANS TO AN END. WE KILL HIM NOW, THAT'S THE END OF IT. IF CARNAGE CAN'T GET WHAT HE NEEDS, THE REST OF IT ALL FALLS AWAY, YOU SEE?
SHOULD BE EASY ENOUGH. LOOK AT HIM, HE IS NOTHING BUT A HUSK. JUST RUN YOUR CLAWS ACROSS HIS NECK, AND THAT'S THAT.

I'M A COP, CLETUS.
YOU ARE IN HEL, JON SHAYDE. DRIVEN BY A SYMBIOTE RUNNING THROUGH YOUR VEINS WHILE THE VOICE OF A SERIAL KILLER TALKS TO YOU IN YOUR HEAD.
I THINK WE LEFT COPS AND ROBBERS BEHIND QUITE SOME TIME AGO, DON'T YOU?

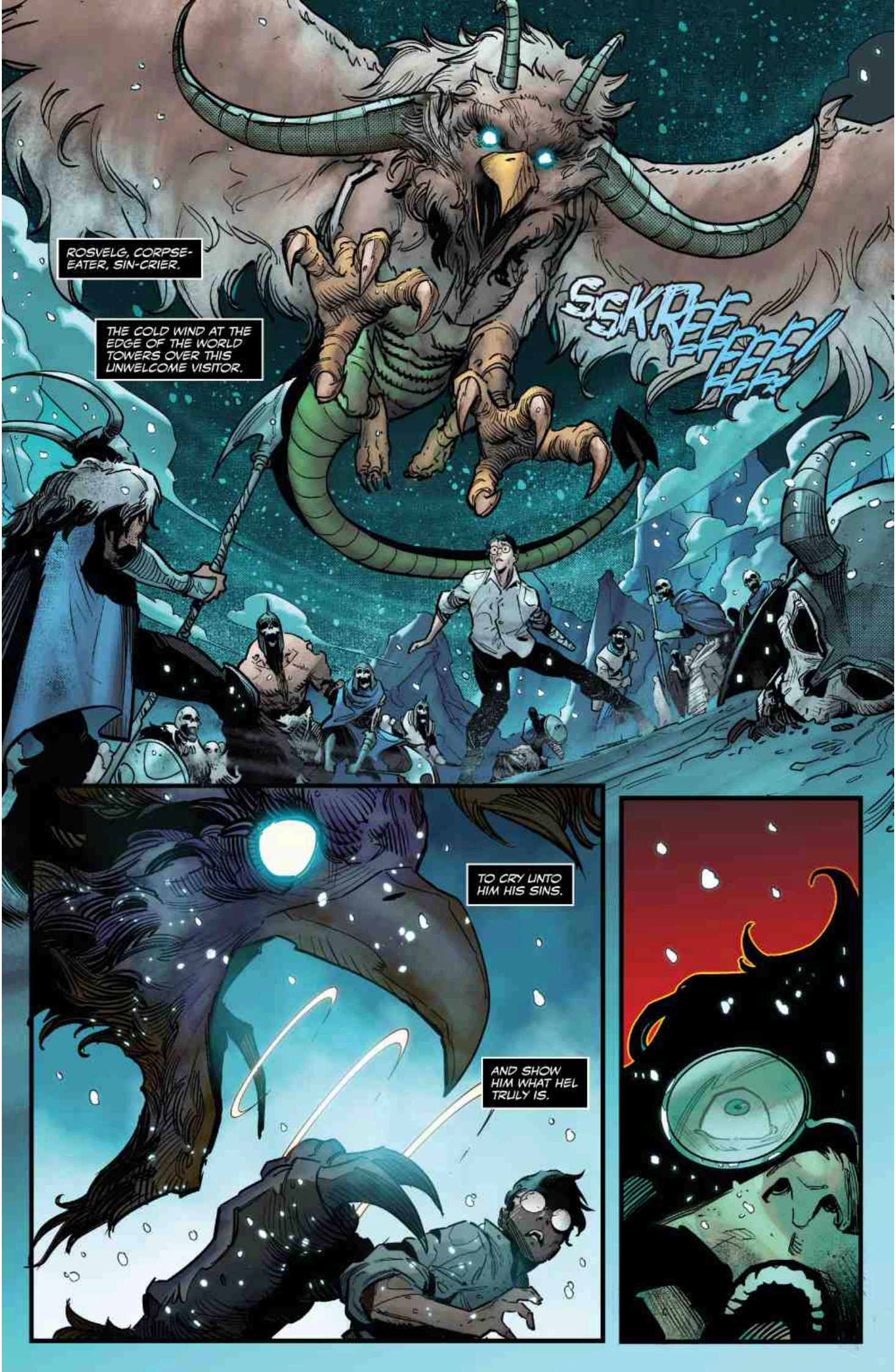
GO ON. THE CLAWS ARE SHARP.

IT'LL BE QUICK.

HE HAD ALWAYS FEARED HE WOULD END UP HERE IN HEL. FOR ALL HIS SINS.

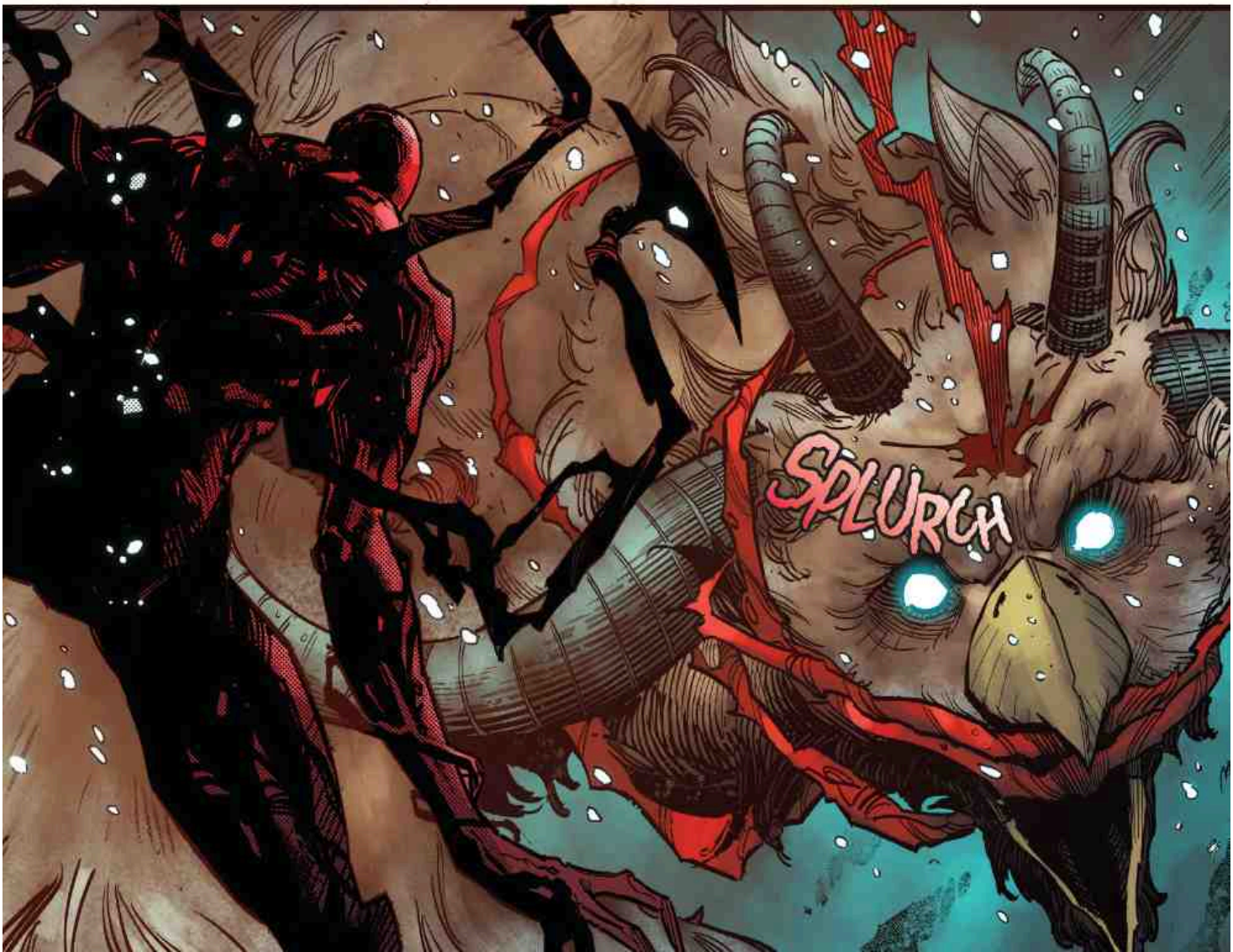
HE TAKES COMFORT IN KNOWING THAT HEL IS NOT A PLACE OF JUDGMENT.
HERE, TOO, HE COMMITS HIS MURDERS AND YET THERE IS NO CONSEQUENCE. ONLY CARNAGE.

BUT HEL IS A PLACE OF TRIALS. HE IS SOMEONE ELSE'S TORMENT EVEN AS HIS OWN LOOMS IN THE ICEBORN SKY, WITH WINGS.


ROSVELG, CORPSE-EATER, SIN-CRIER.
THE COLD WIND AT THE EDGE OF THE WORLD TOWERS OVER THIS UNWELCOME VISITOR.
SSKREEEEE!
TO CRY UNTO HIM HIS SINS.
AND SHOW HIM WHAT HEL TRULY IS.

ALL THESE LONG YEARS HE HAS TOLD HIMSELF HIS ENDEAVORS WERE IN THE PURSUIT OF AN UNATTAINABLE BEAUTY.
THAT HIS JOY WAS IN THE PURSUIT OF SOME HIGHER PURPOSE. NOT IN THE TAKING OF LIFE. NOT IN THE MUTILATION OF FLESH.
BUT HERE, IN HEL, MERE MOMENTS FEEL LIKE WHOLE LIFETIMES AS THE ROSVELG RECOUNTS HIS EVERY ACT. SHORN OF HUBRIS AND VANITY. DEVOID OF HIS RATIONALIZATIONS. KENNETH NEELY IS THE ARTIST NO MORE.
JUST A LONELY, ANGRY BOY WITH A MIND WARPED BY THE MANY INDISCRETIONS OF OTHERS.
THE ROSVELG'S VOICE PULLS AT HIS MIND AND BENDS HIS WILL TO ITS LIMITS UNTIL...

SKKRAW?
YOU LIKE RECOUNTING HIS SINS? TORTURING HIM WITH THEIR MIND-NUMBING BANALITY?
WELL, WHY DON'T YOU TRY ME?


SPLURCH

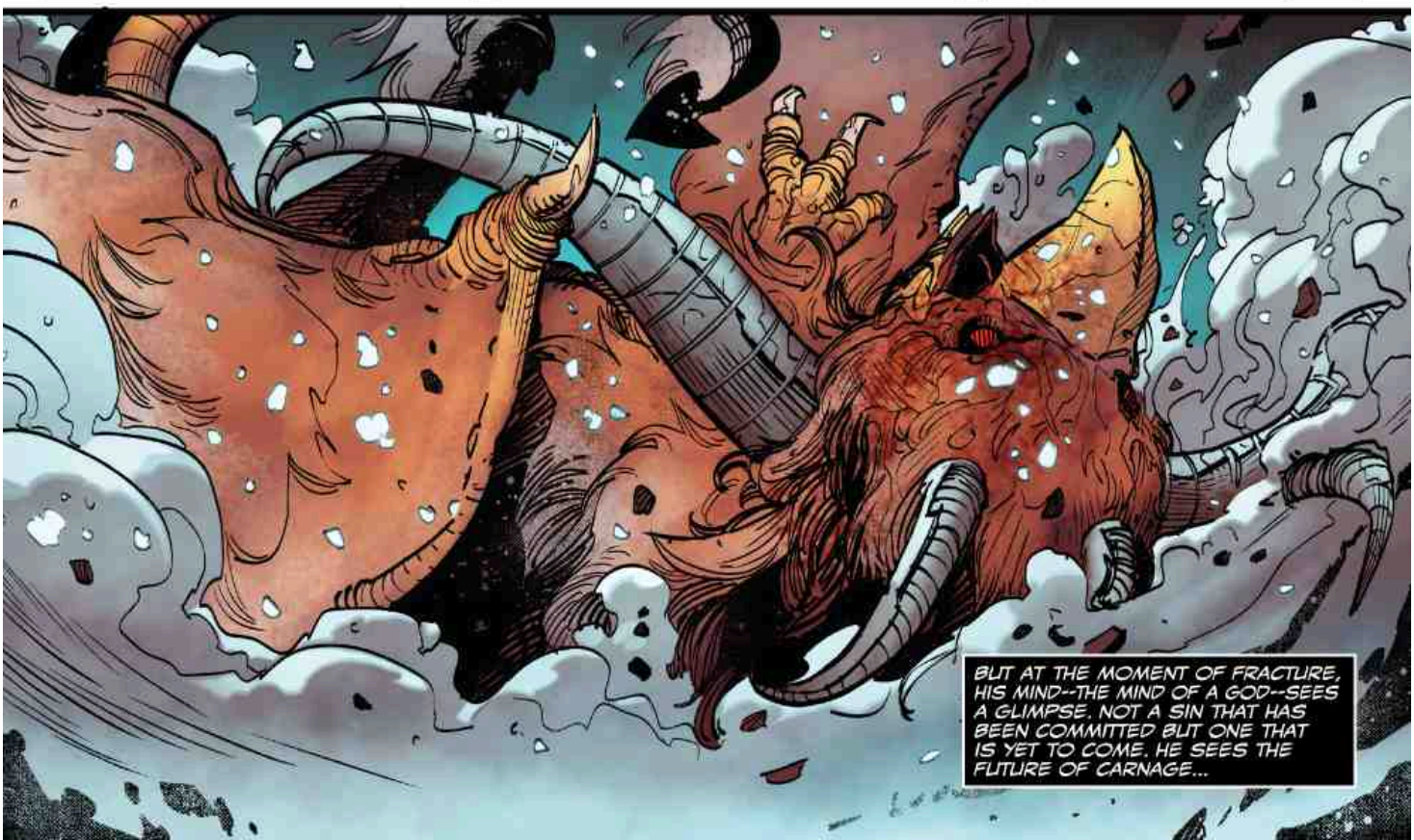
ROSVELG WHO CONSUMED ALL THAT WAS FORSAKEN BY VALHALLA.
ROSVELG WHO RELISHES SINS THE MOST. NOT SINCE THE SUNDERING OF THE REALMS HAS HE FED UPON SUCH VILE TRANSGRESSIONS.
AT FIRST, HE IS OVERCOME WITH JOY. WITH RELISH HE WILL CRY THESE SINS UPON THE SINNER, HE THINKS TO HIMSELF.
THEN, AS HE NEARS HIS FILL, HE BEGINS TO REALIZE THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING. A MERE DROP IN AN OCEAN OF DEPRAVITY NOW POURING DOWN HIS THROAT.
STOP. HE WANTS IT TO STOP.
THE ENDLESS DESECRATION OF FLESH. THE ELEVATION OF VIOLENCE TO AN ART. THE DESTRUCTION OF STRUCTURE, SHAPE AND FORM. UNTIL THERE IS NAUGHT BUT THE THICK, SYRUPY SUBSTANCE THAT ALL LIVING FLESH IS MADE OF. FORMLESS LIKE A MEAT-LAVA, IT FLOWS, WAFTING OF BLOOD AND SWEAT. THERE ARE NO BODIES, NO PERSONS, NO BONES, NO THOUGHTS IN THE END.

THERE IS ONLY CARNAGE.

ROSVELG TRIES TO CLOSE HIS MOUTH, BUT HIS STOMACH IS BLOATED WITH FILTH, BEGINNING TO RIP.

HE TRIES TO CLOSE HIS MIND BUT ALL KNOWING IS ALREADY LEAKING OUT HIS EARS. HE IS NEARING THE MOMENT.

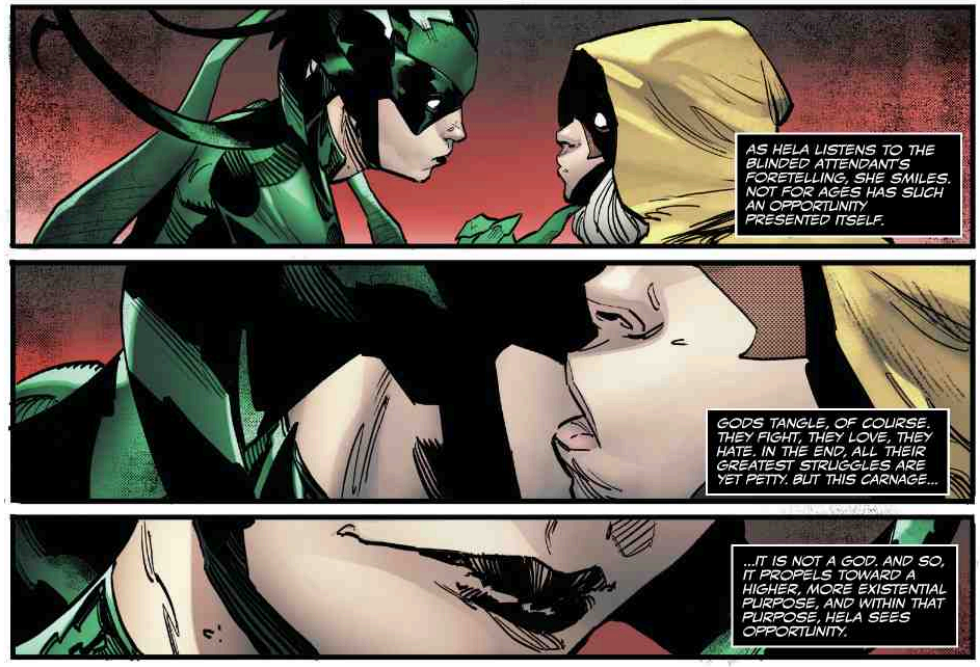
DEATH WILL COME AT LAST, AND IT WILL BE ORGASMIC.


BUT AT THE MOMENT OF FRACTURE, HIS MIND--THE MIND OF A GOD--SEES A GLIMPSE. NOT A SIN THAT HAS BEEN COMMITTED BUT ONE THAT IS YET TO COME. HE SEES THE FUTURE OF CARNAGE...

...ON NIDAVELLIR...
...AND IT RUINS HIS MIND.
BUT IN HEL, ROSVELG'S EYES ARE NOT HIS OWN, NOR IS HIS MIND. ALL THINGS IN HEL BELONG TO HELA.
AAAAAAH! MISTRESS...MY EYES. I AM BLIND! AND MY MIND IS RUINED ASH STILL SMOLDERING IN HELFIRE.

OH SHUSH, MY SWEET... DON'T BE HYSTERICAL.
NOW TELL ME...

...WHAT DID YOU SEE?


AS HELA LISTENS TO THE BLINDED ATTENDANT'S FORETELLING, SHE SMILES. NOT FOR AGES HAS SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY PRESENTED ITSELF.
GODS TANGLE, OF COURSE. THEY FIGHT, THEY LOVE, THEY HATE. IN THE END, ALL THEIR GREATEST STRUGGLES ARE YET PETTY. BUT THIS CARNAGE...
...IT IS NOT A GOD. AND SO, IT PROPELS TOWARD A HIGHER, MORE EXISTENTIAL PURPOSE, AND WITHIN THAT PURPOSE, HELA SEES OPPORTUNITY.

GO ON...

...FINISH IT.
I PROMISED YOU A GOD, DIDN'T I?

HE...HE SHOWED ME EVERYTHING I HAD DONE. YEARS AND YEARS OF MY... SINS.
IS THIS WHERE I WILL END UP EVENTUALLY? IN HEL?

NOT UNLESS YOU'RE A VIKING. HE MERELY THOUGHT TO TORTURE YOU BY HOLDING UP A MIRROR. MOST MEN FEAR THEIR OWN REFLECTION.

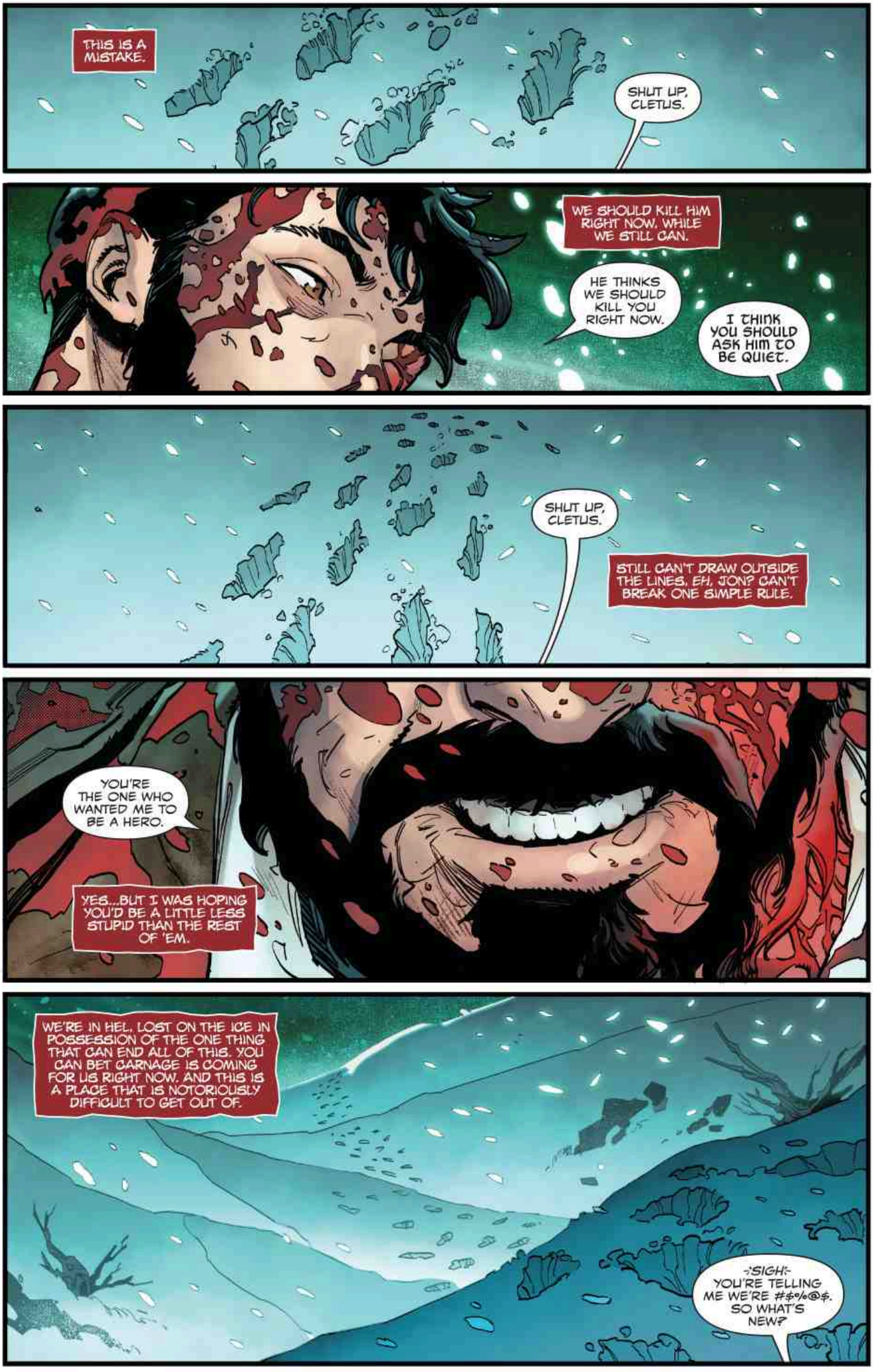
BUT HE DID NOT COUNT UPON ONE WHO IS ABHORRENT BEYOND HIS OWN REFLECTION. NOW YOU BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND WHAT IT TAKES TO BE MY HOST.
NOW YOU UNDERSTAND WHO CLETUS REALLY WAS.

CLETUS! THAT SCHEMING, CONNIVING #!%&.
YOU SURE IT WAS HIM?
NO ONE ELSE KNEW THAT I WAS HERE FOR MALEKITH.

HRMM...AND YET SPIKE SMELLS SOMEONE ELSE. A HUMAN...LIKE YOU.
AND THE LAST TIME I SAW CLETUS, HE WAS ANYTHING BUT HUMAN.

IT'S HIM, ISN'T IT? THE COP--JON SHAYDE.
HE'S FOLLOWED ME TO HEL.

YES... I LIKE HIM. THIS DETECTIVE SHAYDE OF YOURS.
AND NOW I AM SURE...


THIS IS A MISTAKE.
SHUT UP, CLETUS.
WE SHOULD KILL HIM RIGHT NOW. WHILE WE STILL CAN.
HE THINKS WE SHOULD KILL YOU RIGHT NOW.
I THINK YOU SHOULD ASK HIM TO BE QUIET.
SHUT UP, CLETUS.
STILL CAN'T DRAW OUTSIDE THE LINES, EH, JON? CAN'T BREAK ONE SIMPLE RULE.
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO WANTED ME TO BE A HERO.
YES...BUT I WAS HOPING YOU'D BE A LITTLE LESS STUPID THAN THE REST OF 'EM.
WE'RE IN HEL, LOST ON THE ICE IN POSSESSION OF THE ONE THING THAT CAN END ALL OF THIS. YOU CAN BET CARNAGE IS COMING FOR US RIGHT NOW. AND THIS IS A PLACE THAT IS NOTORIOUSLY DIFFICULT TO GET OUT OF.
-SIGH- YOU'RE TELLING ME WE'RE #$%@$. SO WHAT'S NEW?

I WOULDN'T BE SO DESPONDENT YET, JON SHAYDE.
I DO NOT KNOW WHY YOU SAVED ME. YOU CAN TELL ME ALONG THE WAY. THERE WILL BE TIME FOR STORIES YET.
BUT WE WILL MAKE IT OUT OF HERE ALIVE AND WELL. MY STRENGTH IS RETURNING AFTER AN AGE OF TORTURE IN HEL.
I AM MALEKITH THE ACCURSED, AFTER ALL.
AND I HAVE BROKEN OUT OF HEL BEFORE.
TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT: ISSUE #7

ON SALE IN OCTOBER

CARNAGE RULES, AND THE CRIMSON-CLAD CREATURE CRAVES YOUR LETTERS! SEND YOUR NOTES TO **SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM.** BE SURE TO MARK THEM **"OKAY TO PRINT"!** –TOM

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ZONE